

Lights Out by RobinDanielle

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Summary: **SMUT oneshot** The lights go out during a lightning storm and Pennywise decides to have some fun...

Lights Out

Jennifer loved thunderstorms at night. It was the perfect time to just relax and unwind. She grabbed a pint of ice cream and settled down to watch Hemlock Grove. She needed a good Bill Skarsgard fix. The thunder started getting louder. The storm was definitely getting closer.

Sure enough, about halfway through the show, she saw a bright flash out the corner of her eye and an extremely loud clap of thunder sounded right after. The lights went out.

"Aw, shit."

Luckily it wasn't full dark outside, so she could still somewhat make out her surroundings. She slowly made her way into the kitchen and set her ice cream down on the table. She rummaged around, looking for a flashlight. Jennifer heard a metallic clatter behind her. She stopped and turned.

Lighting flashed again. There was nothing there. It had sounded like her spoon had fallen on the floor, but that wasn't possible. She had stuck it in the ice cream container. She went back to looking for her flashlight. She finally found it and flicked the switch. It didn't come on. She beat on it.

"Come on."

Jennifer brought the flashlight with her into the living room and pulled out the drawer on the table next to the couch. She found a small stash of batteries. She went to the kitchen window and pulled open the curtain so that she could have a little more light. She heard a light chuckle behind her. Nicole whipped around, but no one was there. Now she was starting to freak out. Finally, she got the flashlight on. She started to make her way back to the living room when she heard a large clatter behind her. She almost jumped out of her skin.

She was starting to shake now. She turned around. There was a large shape on her kitchen table. Lightning flashed. Jennifer screamed and

dropped her flashlight. It was a clown. It had to be a clown. He'd had white face paint on with red lines down his cheeks and a large white ruffle around his neck. Jennifer started shaking violently now.

The clown laughed, a creepy, squeaky, demonic laugh.

Flash! He was gone. Loud thunder shook the house.

Jennifer stared at her table, arrant fear coursing through her body.

"Oh fuck," she muttered.

She turned around and screamed again. The clown was in her face, leering down at her. He pushed her hard and she fell backwards onto her couch. He lept in front of her and roughly grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at him. He rubbed at her jaw with his thumb. Drool dripped from his mouth.

"You smell so good, my dear. I wonder how you would taste."

He smiled a big, toothy grin. Jennifer gasped when she saw that his buck teeth were pointed. Thunder rumbled loudly above her.

"What do you w-want?" she said in a shaky voice.

He slid his hand down to her throat. She swallowed. Was he going to choke her? Snap her neck?

"There is no need to fear me, kitten. I just want to play."

He reached out with his other hand and squeezed her breast through her shirt. She gasped. The hand on her neck tightened slightly.

"Let's play a game, why don't we. It's called Pretty Please."

Now the clown started playing with her nipple.

"Pretty please, can you stop doing that?" she spat.

The clown pinched her nipple hard. She cried out.

"Now, now. I haven't said the rules yet."

He squeezed her neck a little tighter. Jennifer tried to break away from his grasp. He pinched her nipple again. Her pelvis automatically shot upward.

"My, my, my, maybe I shouldn't make any rules after all." The clown giggled.

"Just do what you're gonna do to me or let me go. Stop fucking playing with me!"

The clown put his face inches from hers.

"Oh my dear, the fun is just beginning."

Before she could react, the clown pulled her off the couch. She tried to scramble away from him, but he grabbed her by the front of her shirt and hauled her to her feet.

"Now, are you going to play nice or do I have to punish you?" the clown said.

"What?! Punish me? I just want you out of my house!" Jennifer's voice was almost a squeak.

"Well then you just messed up my dear." The clown shoved her towards the couch. She almost fell forward when her knees hit the seat, but grabbed the back of the couch to hold herself steady. The clown then pulled down both her sleep shorts and underwear. She started to whip around, but he placed his hand on her back and pushed her forward again.

"You didn't say please."

Smack. His hand hit her backside.

She cried out. "What are you-"

He hit her again.

"Aah!"

And again.

"This will teach you to be a good girl," the clown said as his hand kept swatting her bottom. The coarse fabric of his glove was starting to sting her. Oddly enough, she started becoming aroused. A strange clown was in her house, spanking her like she was a disobedient child.

"Do you like this?" the clown asked.

"Yes," she said in a shaky voice.

"Would you like me to continue?"

"Yes."

The clown kept spanking her. Jennifer started moaning and reached between her legs to find her nub. Before she could start pleasuring herself, the clown grabbed her hand and pulled it away. He stopped spanking.

He started clicking his tongue, like he was scolding her. "Did daddy give you permission to do that?"

Jennifer felt his left hand, the one that had just left her bottom, reach around and start rubbing the juncture between her thigh and pelvis.

"Such a dirty girl," he crooned. "Would you like to continue with that, or would you like daddy to do it?"

She let out a shaky gasp.

He reached lower until he found her nub. "Which one is it, kitten?"

The friction of his glove on her sensitive skin felt so good. Her response was automatic.

"You."

"What was that?"

"I want you to please me."

"And what's the magic words?" He put emphasis on the last word.

It didn't take long for her to remember. "Pretty please."

He leaned down towards Jennifer's neck. "Now you understand."

He started rubbing her harder. She stopped him.

"Wait."

Jennifer bent down and finished dropping her shorts and undies, then stood back upright again. The clown continued rubbing her clit. She spread her legs farther, enjoying the sensation of someone besides herself feeding her sexual needs.

She felt something hard enter her. She gasped. The clown started fingering her with his other hand. His two fingers felt smooth. He must have taken his other glove off. His arms must have been really long for him to reach both areas at the same time so easily. And oh was he coordinated. His left hand frantically rubbed her clit while his right thrust in and out of her.

She started moving her hips. It felt so good. But it wasn't enough. She wanted him to fill her.

"More."

The clown's mouth was against her ear. "What was that, dearie?"

"I want more."

"More of me?"

His teeth nibbled at her ear. She could feel herself reaching her peak.

She let out a hiss. "Yes."

"Yes, what, kitten?"

"I want you to fuck me."

His hands disappeared from her body. He pushed her forward until she was completely bent over the couch. She heard a rustling sound. A moment later, she felt him at her entrance. He pushed in slightly.

"Is that what you want?"

Jennifer's heart was pounding and her hands were starting to sweat. She was trembling. She had never wanted something so badly in her life. His ungloved hand came around and started caressing her breast.

"Do you want me inside you, little one?"

"Yes," she whimpered.

"Yes, what, little one?"

He dipped his head in a little farther then pulled it back out. Jennifer whimpered again.

"Pretty please, fuck me."

The clown chuckled. "Ask and you shall receive."

He shoved himself inside her. He was massive. Jennifer gasped and bent down as far as she could go as her walls stretched to accommodate his girth. He started fucking her. She could hear bells jingle with every thrust, which turned her on even more. The storm continued to rage around her. Every thunder clap was like a cheer, urging her on. The clown fucked her deeper. Her face ended up pressed against the back of the couch as his cock pushed against her g-spot. She could barely breathe, but she didn't care. Her orgasm hit her with a massive force. The clown finished not long after her. When he pulled out of her, she felt a stream of cum hit her leg. She would have a mess to clean up. Jennifer collapsed shakily on the couch.

The clown leaned over her with a wide toothy smile. He pushed some of her hair out of her face. "It's been a pleasure, kitten. Do enjoy the rest of your show. And think of me." He started to walk away.

"Wait," Jennifer called out.

The clown stopped and turned.

"What's your name?"

"My name...is Pennywise."

The clown left. And the lights came back on.